

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

OCT. 27
1926

TEN CENTS



Prominent Citizens of Carmel

Number Fourteen

A PROMINENT holder of Carmel society is King, dignified member of the Skene household. One often sees him strolling up to in at his master's heels, looking for all the world like some animal out of a story book with his big appealing eyes and peaceful expression. King is friendly when he is in the mood, but when he is not one is apt to shy away from the noisy growls which are emitted from his shaggy throat, which though they may sound very ominous are merely a sort of aberration from the natural course followed by his less important brothers. He is extremely friendly with



strangers provided they are nowhere near his home. While his master is busily engaged in the Post Office he will contract desperate friendships with unsuspecting Carmelites loitering about the door. They will pat him affectionately and say, "What a lovely doggie. He must be one of those stray Carmel dogs that promenade the streets all day and sleep in the roads at night. Isn't he just the cutest old thing?" And King will gobble this eulogy with snorts of appreciation and a becoming attitude. Then as his master emerges from the Post Office he will leap away from his erstwhile boon companions and saunter quietly down the street behind him.

Unlike most Carmel citizens he is extremely averse to Artists. Perhaps he dislikes their trappings; paints, brushes, easels, canvases, he holds a particular displeasure for. He will rebel unmercifully at any ambitious aesthete lumbering along the highway under a load of material with which to paint the glorious Carmel sunsets. He wishes nature to be un-

molested by these shambling creatures of the Ancient Art. Artists and Spanish teachers pique him to torment, it seems. Let a Spanish teacher approach the house and King is immediately on the alert. One night one of the latter sought to enter of the darkness and vainly sought to enter the Skene household. It was useless. For fifteen minutes he entreated, commanded, coaxed and pleaded for admittance but King was obdurate. No stern or beguiling person should penetrate his lofty domain without sufficient permission from within. Fortunately his Master did finally make his appearance and the Spanish teacher gained the door without mishap.

We were told that there was nothing

particularly significant about King, that he was just a "Carmel dog" but Carmel dogs seem to have their own respective personalities and King is certainly not one of the multitude. There are things about him that can't seem to be written, qualities that are just there. What is it that all great personalities have? Well, that is what King has and it's unexplainable.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

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The Forge in The Oaks

John Catlin

Carmel

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The Saga of Snik

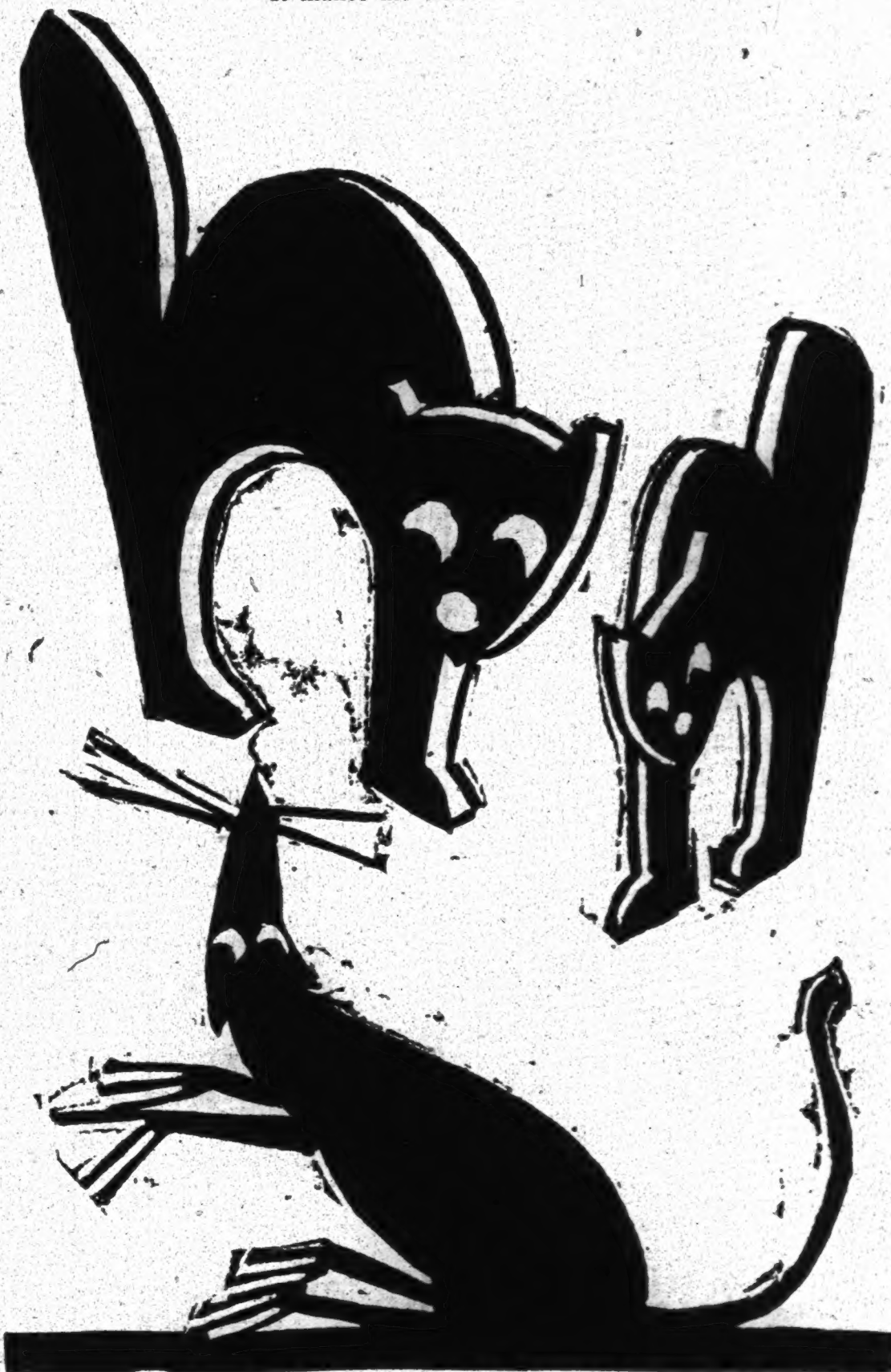
the adventures of a rat



Number Two

PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION OF UNREALITY AT THE PINAFORE PLAYHOUSE

I HAVE a new home
A place of toys
Toys for girls
Toys for boys
Dolls with curls
Dolls that squeal
Toys that make a noise
There's nothing real
My name is Snik
I'm going to leave
It makes me sick



Adventures in Eating Out

Number Eighteen

HERE'S a decidedly metropolitan atmosphere about the place where we had lunch the other day. We were in Monterey, debating, with one eye on a rather limited supply of cash, where to eat, quickly and with not too financially devastating effect! "Try the new San Carlos hotel," suggested someone with whom we were talking on Alvarado street, "you can get a good luncheonette for thirty-five cents in the Sweet Shoppe." This was news to us, and although we do object strenuously to anything spelled "shoppe", we went in search of the alluring luncheonette which was priced so exactly to suit our social status that particular day. We found the Sweet Shoppe shining with tiles and neat glass show cases full of enticing candy and French pastry, a long efficient fountain and little wooden booths at the side—the whole so like something in the heart of the city, any city, that once inside, with a glimpse of hotel activities through the farther door, it was hard to remember that sea gulls and little boats and the blue bay were only a few blocks away!

As for the lunch, it was really hearty enough to make the "ette" on the end of it scarcely necessary. Delicious hot rich bean soup with crackers came first that day; then a choice of corned beef hash, filet of sole or lettuce and tomato salad, with most generous supplies of both crisp French bread and whole wheat bread and butter; and for dessert orange sherbet and cookies. Just what combination you would find another day, we cannot say, but it would undoubtedly be just as nicely served—and you would not come away hungry!

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THE MORNING AFTER

A Play In One Act

SCENE I

(Sidewalk in front of real estate office. Two real estate agents are talking.)

FIRST REAL ESTATE AGENT

Here comes that woman, Mrs. —
What's her name? Quick—
Before she gets here!

SECOND REAL ESTATE AGENT

Mrs. Bias.

FIRST REAL ESTATE AGENT

(Bows and smiles as she passes)
Good afternoon, Mrs. Bias!
(Mrs. Bias smiles sweetly.)
(She enters a store up the street.)

FIRST REAL ESTATE AGENT

They say she has money. I'm going to see if I can sell her a lot in Porous Meadows.

(Mrs. Bias comes out of the store carrying two packages.)

Here she comes back. What did you say her name is?

SECOND REAL ESTATE AGENT

Mrs. Bias.

FIRST REAL ESTATE AGENT

(as Mrs. Bias passes)
Couldn't I give you a lift with those packages, Mrs. Bias?

MRS. BIAS

(smiling)

I really haven't far to go.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

(as he takes hold of the packages)
I'll put them in the car and run you home. It will take but a moment. No trouble.

MRS. BIAS

(as real estate agent assists her into his car)
This is very kind of you.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Not at all, Mrs. Bias.

SCENE II

(The front seat of the real estate agent's car)

MRS. BIAS

It's such a lovely day.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

It certainly is. A little windy, but it is warm.

MRS. BIAS

It has been rather windy.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Yes, but you don't feel it at the other end of town.

MRS. BIAS

You mean in the Brook Park district.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

(Disappointed)

No, the other side of town.

MRS. BIAS

Oh! Porous Meadows.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

(Casually)

Yes.

(Esthetically)

It is protected by those beautiful trees.

MRS. BIAS

I was there once, but it was a nice day—not windy.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Wouldn't you like to take a little spin

down there? It won't take long and I was just going down there anyway

MRS. BIAS

I would love to go—

REAL ESTATE AGENT

And I would enjoy your company.

(They arrived. View after view was pointed out. Advantages of the location were casually mentioned.)

Such a delightful place! Such values! For instance, imagine this section in here selling for eight thousand dollars an acre! Just think—eight thousand dollars a lot!

MRS. BIAS

(Staggered—unable to think.)

Just think! Just imagine! It's like giving them away! I don't see how they can afford it.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Not only that, but it is such an opportunity for investment. You could sell them for three times that much in five years.

MRS. BIAS

Of course you could. I wonder why the owner doesn't think of that and keep it for five years more. He must be a poor business man.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

(With intense hush and tears in his voice)
It is because he is interested in making the town beautiful. He is not like the other men with property. He wants the people to have the best place possible for a home. (Lowering his voice even further.) You should take advantage of this opportunity, Mrs. Bias, while there are still some lots left.

MRS. BIAS

I really ought to, but I hate to take advantage of the poor owner.

(Dinner time was approaching.)

I should be getting home.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

All right. We'll come again.

MRS. BIAS

I would just love to.

SCENE III

(In front of real estate office. Time, the next morning. Two real estate agents are talking.)

FIRST REAL ESTATE AGENT

Well, I think I sold a lot to Mrs. Bias yesterday.

SECOND REAL ESTATE AGENT

Is that so?

FIRST REAL ESTATE AGENT

She was impressed. Here she comes now.

SECOND REAL ESTATE AGENT

I heard last night that she hasn't got a cent.

FIRST REAL ESTATE AGENT

Is that so?

SECOND REAL ESTATE AGENT

It's a fact. You just wasted your time yesterday.

FIRST REAL ESTATE AGENT

Darn it! She shouldn't have encouraged me like she did. She should have told me in the first place that she couldn't buy.

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(Mrs. Bias passes. The two real estate agents are talking busily—dramatically—intensely. They do not see her. She glances at them. She enters a store and comes out heavily laden with packages. She passes the real estate agents. They do not see her. She staggers on. A well dressed woman steps from a coach.)

FIRST REAL ESTATE AGENT

Who is that lady? I met her once. What's her name? Quick! Before she gets here.
—B. B.

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TELEPHONE 30

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

A weekly newspaper, founded May 11, 1926 at Carmel, California.

Published by The Cymbal Press on Wednesday of each week in the Seven Arts Building, Carmel.

Edited by W. K. Bassett. Dorothea Castelhun, associate editor.

Selling for ten cents a copy, four dollars a year by mail, two and one-quarter dollars for six months, one and one-quarter dollars for three months.

Advertising rates obtainable on application.

The telephone number is Carmel 13.

Entered as second-class matter May 11, 1926, at the post office at Carmel, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1926
VOLUME II NUMBER 17



Notes and Comment

IN poetic protest against our "Snik" who gets so sick over things that do not at all agree with him, we have the following contribution from an un-named contributor:

I am a cat
My name is Mose.
My home is in a print-shop
I suppose.
The linotype
Clicks all day
News from Carmel
To Monterey
I'm known here as
The Office Cat—
Excuse me while
I chase this rat.

THE San Francisco Chronicle, the formerly staid daily of San Francisco which has found it necessary to succumb to Hearstism to save what is left of its circulation, printed on its first page yesterday a headline which read:

MARIE HIDES HER
DIMPLED KNEES
AS CAMERA MEN
"SHOOT" PICTURES

The subject of the headline is Queen of Roumania, but from what we have

heard from the lady herself it serves her right.

IT is no more pleasant to talk about the imminence of fire than it is to discuss the possibility of future earthquakes, but while in one case we have no control and can do nothing in the manner of prevention, in the other there is much that we can do. "Fire Consciousness" is a term much used at the recent convention of state fire chiefs, attended by our own chief, Bob Leidig, and two of his assistants. It is a term that the fire department is endeavoring to instill in the minds of the people of Carmel. It describes the state of mind of a person who will not deliberately burn trash on a windy day; will not leave a trash fire attended; will not throw a lighted Camel into dry grass or pine needles by the side of the road; will not hamper the firemen in their activities toward extinguishing a blaze by trying to see how near they can crowd around the burning building; will not drive over a fire hose.

The Carmel Fire Department is an efficient organization. It is always "on the job", even in the few hours of the night when there happen to be none of its members at the fire house. Few people know that at ten minutes to five o'clock last Friday morning, ten minutes after the first earthquake shock, Chief Leidig and more than half a dozen of his men were at the fire house. The door was swung wide and the automobile fire truck was ready to reply to the first alarm of fire.

The Carmel Fire Department, a purely volunteer department, serving without compensation whatsoever, needs more equipment to supplement the willing and ready human machinery it has. It needs a fire ordinance in Carmel, the more surely to guarantee safety from a spreading blaze. It needs street improvements in sections of the city which would be at the mercy of a blaze because the fire truck would be unable to gain access.

Some 200 citizens recently subscribed \$1400 for the social fund of the department, for the maintenance of the club rooms which are located in the fire house and are a means of keeping some of the men near their apparatus until late at night. As one fireman expressed it, "We are deeply appreciative of the public-spiritedness of the citizens who gave this money, but we would have been better pleased had the \$1400 come in the amount of one dollar from 1400 citizens." It would have shown a more general recognition of the worth and the public-spiritedness of the firemen. Carmel cannot afford to hesitate in equipping its fire department and strengthening it with adequate fire prevention laws.

THERE was an early and surprisingly rapid sale of The Cymbal on the day of publication last week that was based on a fluke. It wasn't our fluke, but was the result of the queer turn the human mind sometimes takes. The early and avid purchasers expected to

find in the columns of the paper an embellished account of what might be termed an "informal social affair" of a few days previous. The gentleman who was the host and entertainment provider at the function referred to was one of the most interested scanners of the paper—consuming it with great intensity while he was perfunctorily getting his shoes shined very early Wednesday morning.

This condition—this idea of what principles may be charged to The Cymbal—is based on the veriest fallacy. The Cymbal announced early in its existence that it would not print the "dirt" in this community. We said that such is the province and the prerogative of the daily newspaper, not the weekly, for the reason that by the time the weekly gets around to its day of publication everyone within the range of its voice has consumed the aforesaid dirt, either through its acquisition on the streets, or through the columns of the daily. It is stale news when we go to press, generally, and it is not of enough importance to be granted space in the paper for the out-of-town readers who are interested in the affairs of this community. They are not concerned with who beats his wife unless he happens to be someone who is important per se.

There are some who expected to find the family affair largely aired in The Cymbal because they thought we were particularly interested in at least one of the parties to the function. We are interested in him only to the extent that the city trustees of Carmel are wasting \$200 a month on his retention as a city employe, and we intend to harp on this phase of the matter on its merits—or demerits. We are fighting the Del Monte Proper company's sign on the highway, but we would not think of using the fact that By Ford struck out in an Abalone League game as an argument against it.

The Cymbal deals in personalities when it is convinced that by that method, and only by that, can it attain the ends it seeks in the perpetuation of what was expressed in a prayerful letter from a subscriber as a "peaceful and indifferent Carmel". To this end we are against George Wood and his silly little note book which expresses in its size and importance his value to the city of Carmel. We are against his nagging interference with the city clerk, an elective officer over whose office he has no control under the law. We are disgusted with the petty deference with which the other members treat him in all matters big and small, just as though he actually knew something about them, which he generally doesn't. We believe that the retention of the traffic policeman, absolutely unnecessary, is a big-city gesture on the part of the board of trustees, and that it is ridiculous and a waste of public funds. We believe that Marshal Gus Englund is a good police officer and that he has proven himself such for many years. We believe he is entitled to an increase of salary from \$150 a month to \$175 and that the city trustees

(Turn to Page Thirteen)

'MY MORTAL ENEMY' VIVID PIECE OF WORK

By DORA C. HAGEMEYER

WILLA CATHER is one of the most dependable novelists of the present day. One looks forward to her books with a quiet certainty of enjoyment. They vary in theme but not in excellence of presentation. She tells her story with a certain sureness which always comes with good workmanship and the reader is left free from the apprehension of possible floundering. Her technique is a matter of course.

In the new book "My Mortal Enemy" she has done an unusually vivid piece of work. It is short and penetrating, relying more on what it suggests than on what it actually says. It is a study of a woman's love-life—tragic, passionate and tense—viewed from her last few years. This character is a fine one, full of vitality. She gains the reader's admiration at once. She stands out—as such people do. She lives vividly and suffers deeply. She has staked everything for love and found it a phantom.

Willa Cather has the power to make her characters appeal to something beyond the intellect of the reader—just as her heroine spoke to the hidden self deep down beyond the obvious one. She always reveals this power intensely when she depicts a character such as Myra Henshaw or "The Lost Lady". She understands this type to perfection. The qualities that make them stand out from those around them are just exactly the qualities that make Willa Cather stand out among novelists. Of Myra she says: "When she mentioned the name of some one she admired, or got an instant impression that the person must be wonderful, her voice invested the name with a

sort of grace. When she liked people she always called them by name a great many times in talking to them, and she enunciated the name, no matter how commonplace, in a penetrating way, without hurrying over it or slurring it; and this, accompanied by her singularly direct glance, had a curious effect. When she addressed Aunt Lydia, for instance, she seemed to be speaking to a person deeper down than the blurred, taken-for-granted image of my aunt that I saw every day, and for a moment my aunt became more individual, less matter-of-fact to me."

Although Myra is the tragic figure of the story, Mr. Henshaw is the pathetic one. His appearance in the narrative is fragmentary and very conventional but underneath the outwardly happy and proud husband, one senses a simple kindly soul, a little bewildered by the brilliant qualities of his wife. "I felt that his life had not suited him; that he possessed some kind of courage and force which slept, which in another sort of world might have asserted themselves brilliantly." One feels that instead of being just the husband of a remarkable woman, he had qualities which would under other conditions have come to a fine fruition.

The last scenes are tragic and terrible in their apparent matter-of-factness. The cheap hotel with the everlasting tramp, tramp of footsteps overhead finally breaks the spirit of this once dauntless woman and she makes a grand and final gesture as she walks out of life—just as she did when she walked out of her wealthy uncle's house to her marriage, leaving comfort and riches behind her. This book is a small masterpiece of understanding and an unusually terse example of concentrated narrative.

A Chance To Be Kind to May Sinclair

IF YOU have been an admirer of May Sinclair's work and looked forward to this latest volume, hoping it would be a second "Mr. Waddington of Wyck", I can only suggest that you leave it alone and wait for the next. "Far End" is so obviously and so disappointingly not May Sinclair's best, or even her second best, that it's almost hard to believe that she wrote it at all. A reviewer in Punch remarks optimistically and politely that Miss Sinclair is merely marking time and that it must mean that we may look forward to reading next year a book such as her really great literary powers warrant us in expecting from her. I can only hope that this may be the case, while at the same time deploring the fact that it is necessary for her to publish anything except her best.

I was shocked recently to receive a letter from a friend of mine giving "Far End" the description of "trash"! It hurts to have one's gods spoken of irreverently—and yet it hurts still more to have to admit that they have earned the harsh criticism. The stock types, the "black and white" standard of morality, the sentimental impossibility of the whole thing—they make of "Far End" a book quite unworthy of the author of the inimitable Mr. Waddington, "The Belfry", "The Tree of Heaven", "The Sisters", and the rest of these penetrating, satisfactory works of literary art. All this is just general but I have no heart to go into details. The less one says about "Far End", and the sooner one forgets it, the kinder it is to Miss Sinclair.

—D. C.

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

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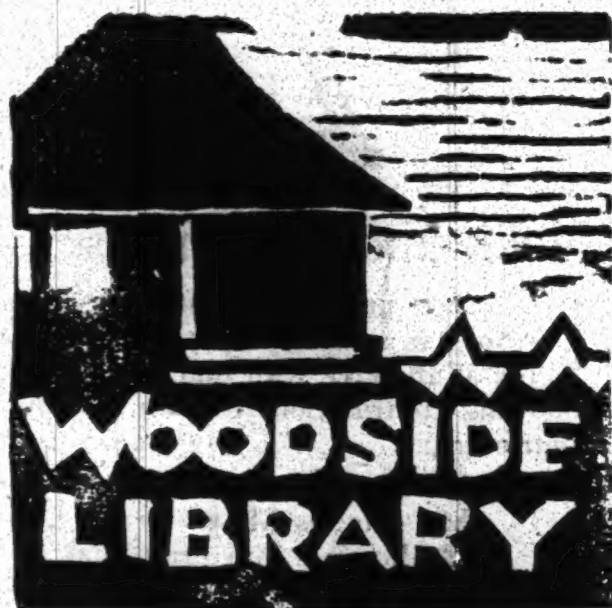
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AUX DEUX MAGOTS, CARMEL

By CHARLES McMORRIS PURDY

THERE IS a certain heaven-sent cafe in Paris, Quartier Saint Germain, on St. Germain de Pres, facing the church of that name, by the melodious name of Cafe aux Deux Magots. At this cafe veritable one may find the most luscious crescents and other toothsome confections of solid nature in Paris. And the chocolate and coffee there is of a nature to turn the most dyspeptic soul into an oasis of Pollyanna.

There are other cafes on the famous Left Bank, such as the Dome, the Rotonde and the Select, but none has the charm of this establishment that basks under the shadow of an ancient eglise. For, aside from the purely material comforts that this sidewalk cafe inspires, it provides one with mental enjoyment as well, for the quartier more closely corresponds with Carmel than any other part of Paris. For in St. Germain congregate the more serious artists, writers, actors of the city. Montparnasse, higher up, provides fighting space for the pretenders, the ultra-bohemians, but it is in the quartier to which Aux Deux Magots caters that the "real" people live and work.

What is more charming than to sit under the canopy on the sidewalk, drenched in pale spring sunlight, and sip a cafe creme, or munch a crescent, or perhaps inspect a bock or a liqueur (according to the moment and inclination) and lie surely thought and introspection? There seems to be no place in America for simi-

lar rest and enjoyment—or rather, there seemed to be no place, in the writer's mind, until he returned to Carmel and got tired walking on Ocean Avenue where there was nary a mushroom table at which to rest and sip and think, or perhaps, not think. The deponent began to wonder if Carmel, the most continental of American towns and villages, could not provide a cafe in the truly French manner?

Kays' and the new tea shop in the Court of the Golden Bough seem the closest, and are admirable and charming places. But what one's soul craves is a sidewalk cafe, where one may inspect the world of Ocean Avenue and gossip and drink (tea, coco-cola and chocolate, of course!) in a manner which is Carmel's, that is to say, without haste. Think of it! Mushroom tables and fungus chairs, a canopy overhead, glass partitions at the ends to protect one from the wind, the discreet bustle of garcons, the saucers price-marked with drinks, the spirit of the original Aux Deux Magots translated into the idiom Carmel!

Of course, all this is a grand idea, and perhaps quite youthfully cock-eyed, but this morning is just the kind of morning for a sidewalk cafe, and the only vacant chair we can find bears Mr. Bassett's name and address. The real reason we want a Deux Magots is that every time we lounge in The Cymbal office, its genial and American proprietor makes us work. And a cafe in the manner of that of the Quartier Saint Germain would obviate such a catastrophe.

NEW BOOKS AT THE GAME COCK LIBRARY

Jorgensen	Tupper
The Story of Philosophy	Durant
The Red House Mystery	Milne
Spell Land	Sheila Kaye Smith
Devices and Desires	Wheatley
Anatole France Vayageur	Broussen
My Antonia	Cather
Wild Fruit	Sinclair
A Continental Cocktail	Reynolds
The Chinese Parrot	Biggers
Her Son's Wife	Canfield
And Then Comes Spring	Hargrave
Lord Raingo	Arnold Bennett
This Believing World	Browne
The Varanoff Tradition	Panbourne
The Golden Dancer	Hume
Crewe Train	Macauley
Revelry	Adams
Wedlock	Wasserman
It Happened in Peking	Wilson
Causarina Tree	Maugham
The World of William Crissold	Wells
Marmer John	Walpole
Summer Storm	Swinerton
Hiawatta Wit No Odder Poms	Gross
The Unearthly	Hichens
The Kays	Deland

Painted Room
Kindling and Ashes
Shutters
The Long Patrol
Hand and Ring
Over My Left Shoulder
Preface To a Life
The Flame of Courage
By Candle Light

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TILLY POLAK

COURT OF THE
GOLDEN BOUGH

CARMEL

PERSONAL MENTION

SAMUEL G. BLYTHE of Pebble Beach is away on a business trip to New York.

Mrs. Paul Burns and her daughter, Miss Dorothy Burns, of Pebble Beach, are in New York for a few weeks' stay.

Robert Welles Ritchie has gone to the southern part of the state and will be away for about ten days.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Ankersmit gave a dinner party at the Mission Tea House on Thursday evening of last week, entertaining Miss Tilly Polak, Miss Anne Nash, Miss Dorothy Bassett and the Misses Constance and Gertrude Arntzenius.

Miss Kissam Johnson gave a luncheon

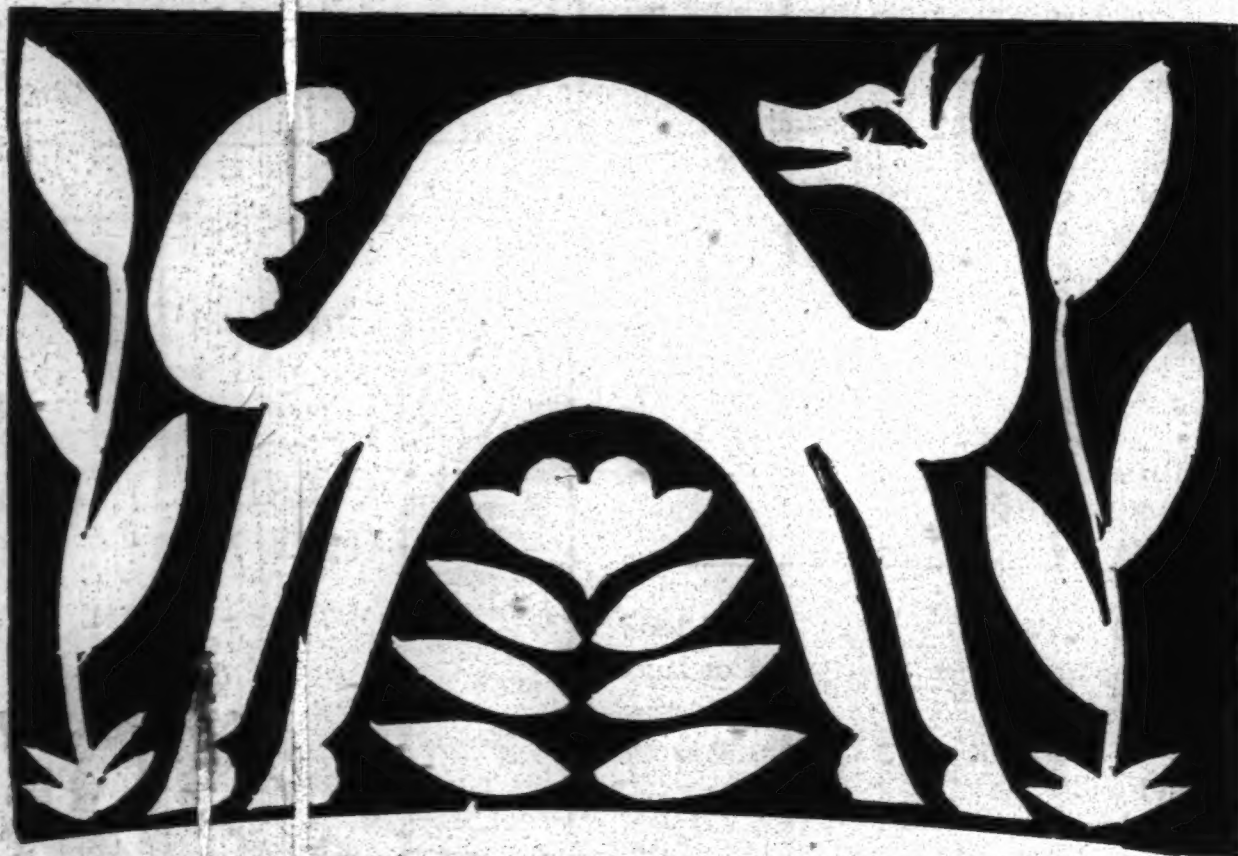
tertained the following guests at the Mission Tea House on Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Welles Ritchie and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Du Bois.

Mrs. Mabel Turner was hostess at tea last Wednesday afternoon at her home, Crest View on the Point. Among the guests were Ida Maynard Curtis, Mrs. Ladd, Miss White, Mrs. Girvin, Miss Eyre, Mrs. Prager, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Beckwith, Miss Abercrombie and Miss Rosenkrans.

Mrs. Mary Heathorn is the house guest of Mrs. Daisy Bostick.

Rem Remsen has returned from a month's painting trip to Arizona.

Miss Tilly Polak was one of the many club members who attended the "Follies" at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club last Friday night. Her guests were Char-



Linoleum cut by Peter Friedrichsen

at Kays last Thursday evening for Miss Caroline Davidson who is living in one of the Yates' houses. The other guests were the Misses Vivien Higginbotham, Louise Prince, Helen Judson and Martha Farwell.

Miss Elizabeth Sampson, who is attending school in Santa Barbara, was at home during the week-end.

Mrs. D. W. Willard and Miss Helen Willard entertained at tea Wednesday afternoon in honor of Mr. and Mrs. G. Hawkins. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hartley, Miss Louise Prince, Miss Helen Judson, Miss Mariam White, Laidlaw Williams, Mrs. Agnes Purdy and Charles Purdy.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams en-

tertain Purdy and Mr. and Mrs. Hans Ankersmit who have been spending their honeymoon in Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Chapel Judson have gone to San Francisco to be gone several days.

Miss Ann Grant has returned to Carmel from a trip to New York.

Miss Julie Heyneman of London is visiting Miss Ellen O'Sullivan.

Mickey O'Brien came down from San Francisco and stayed in Carmel during the week end.

Miss Esther Waite attended the recent wedding of Miss Elsie Wagner in Stockton. Miss Wagner was here during the

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summer and worked with Mrs. Alfred Fraser in the Fraser Looms.

Mrs. Charles E. Stanton has left Carmel and is going to the southern part of the state.

L. C. Arlington who has been in Carmel and purchased a building site in Hatton Fields is returning to China for a short stay.

Mrs. Ralph Bromwell and Mrs. Edward Kuster have returned from a trip to San Francisco.

NEW HOME IN HATTON FIELDS TO HAVE UNPARALLELED VIEW

Construction on the first home in what might be called the "valley view" section of Hatton Fields was begun last week. The house which will be of granite facing and with a green tile roof is being built for William T. Beatty of Pebble Beach. The property includes an acre on the very crest of the highest knoll in the tract and commands a sweeping view of the valley and the sea toward Point Lobos. Beatty is president of the Austin Manufacturing Company of Chicago.

CYRUS NORMAN KELLOGG DIES AT LOS GATOS

Cyrus Norman Kellogg, 15-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Kellogg of Carmel, and nephew of Miss E. M. Kellogg, died last Thursday at Los Gatos where he was attending private school. Funeral services were held last Saturday at the family residence on San Carlos street in Carmel.

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HALSTED YATES INVENTED GOLF!

EVERY once in a while one learns more about what Halsted Yates has contributed to the delight of nations. Now we find that he invented golf. That may be stretching the truth a trifle, but it is a fact, as we learn from the September issue of Town Topics and Current Events of Utica, N. Y., that he invented it as far as that community is concerned. Here's the quotation:

In discussing early golf with Joseph S. Kernan, "Uncle Joe" to the boys in the trenches, he proudly claims that his game is now as good as when he started. Mr. Kernan was one of the four original founders of golf in Utica, the others being W. S. Doolittle, Walter Kernan and Halsted Yates. Mr. Yates had spent some time, in the early nineties, at Lakewood, N. J., where a golf course was already built. Coming back to Utica in the summer of 1894, in the fall a start was made by some of his friends to learn the game of golf, and its first playground was in a field opposite Harry S. Patten's residence on Harts Hill.

There four men, in 1895, founded the Sadaquada Golf Club, one of the first dozen clubs in the United States, on the land that is now owned and used by the Club. The first layout was only five holes of a shortness that we modern golfers would now laugh at and I can include men, women and children in that grouping.

Mr. Kernan relates how at the request of Mr. Yates, Willie Park, an English professional of note, came to Utica to inspect the new club and its course. Moses Barney furnished a team with his best livery outfit and the what then was a long drive, was made in state. Arriving at the course, Park was asked to drive first. Taking a creak, he hit the ball firmly, and much to the surprise of the watchers, drove to the second green as he had overlooked the first green, to which, up to that time, no one had been able to drive a golf ball.

DUTCH GIRLS IN TOUR VISIT HERE

THE Misses Constance and Peronne Arntzenius of Holland who were in Carmel for a few days but have now left for Santa Barbara are travelling all over the world and entertaining in a novel manner. They came over from Holland, purchased a Ford truck and started out to see the United States, stopping in many towns and cities appearing on the stage. One dresses as a dutch girl, the other as a dutch boy and they sing folksongs which they have gathered from many different parts of the world, singing them in their

language, such as Russian, Italian, German, English, American, Dutch, Danish and many other countries. During their travels they have taken motion pictures both in America and abroad. Last year when they returned to Holland and other countries they showed the pictures which they had taken in America, telling of our customs and mode of living etc. When they were traveling in Europe they took movies of their travels there and now in addition to their folksongs they show these pictures and talk about the countries shown. They have had every support of the officials of this country who gave them permits to enter this country and carry on their interesting work and have appeared before many universities, clubs and organizations. Around Thanksgiving time they expect to return to Carmel and will give two performances at the Theatre of the Golden Bough. They will give one evening of singing and one evening of lecturing and showing their pictures which will take in many parts of the world.

TERRACE TO BE OPEN SOON

The new Terrace of the Golden Bough will open as soon as the necessary equipment arrives. A colorful and unique arrangement of flowers is being planned for the Terrace, and the little dark mahogany tables and chairs under the bright awning are most attractive and picturesque. Mr. and Mrs. Kuster will conduct the Terrace, and Mrs. Ralph Bromwell will have charge of the cooking. After performances in the Theatre of the Golden Bough there will be Tea and Kaffee Klatsch on the new Terrace.

ETHA FOX NOW MRS. BERKEY

Mrs. Etha Fox and Charles Berkey were married at Del Monte Chapel on Saturday afternoon. The ceremony was a very quiet one, the only attendants being Mrs. Fox, Sr. Mrs. Nellie K. Berkey and Nadine and Maynard Fox. Mr. and Mrs. Berkey left immediately afterward for a two-weeks' motor trip to Southern California.

Pebble Beach Blowout

A CABARET party was put on by Charles Van Riper last Friday night at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club. The first number on the program was a chorus headed with By Ford, singing, "I'm just wild about animal crackers."

Harrison Godwin and Ernest Schweninger appeared in the next act attired in sweaters and caps and boxing gloves and did a soft shoe dance, giving what Charlie Van Riper announced as the correct imitation of the Dempsey-Tunney fight. As an encore they did a slow motion fight. Ernie was knocked out and carried off.

Yodee Remsen, with a red cape and basket, sang "Little Red Riding Hood", which was the hit of the evening. Frank Sheridan recited "The Face on the Bar Room Floor". Nell Watson gave a song. By Ford sang "All Alone" as Irving Berlin intended it should be sung and never had been sung before, in stentorian tones, but by the time the song was finished he was surrounded by at least fifty people.

Mr. and Mrs. "Steve" Glassell gave "Salome" very realistically. A table was brought in showing Steve's head on the top, surrounded by red tissue paper giving a very gory effect. A long black beard adorned his face. Frannie danced around him and Steve's head turned and followed her wherever she went. As she danced off, the head of Steve still pursued her. Ruth Austin gave a Spanish dance. Ruth Kuster and Frannie Glassell did a "Topsy and Eva" stunt, singing a song about Carmel's about towners and the grand finale consisted of the chorus in Russian costume, led by Bob Stanton, who sang "Katinka", while Harrison Godwin and Frank Murphy did the Charleston.



THE RELATION OF QUALITY AND PRICE

is what constitutes either **ECONOMY** or **EXTRAVAGANCE**—Standard Brands at low cash prices is **REAL ECONOMY**

A FEW SPECIALS FOR FRIDAY AND SATURDAY—

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THE NEW JOURNALISM

(From the New Yorker)

COL. WILLIAM MALCOLM PHEARST, the great editor, swung from his desk to greet his young assistant.

"Have all arrangements been completed to have Mayor Walker cover the yacht races for us?"

The assistant nodded. "The contracts have all been signed."

"Good! And have Charles G. Dawes and Al Smith consented to report the World Series?"

"Both of them have wired us to rush the press tickets, Colonel."

Col. Phearst's eyes gleamed.

"And the big fight. Have we engaged Secretary Wilbur to do our account of the big fight?"

The assistant frowned uncomfortably, and shifted to the other foot.

"The Evening Rush beat us to Secretary Wilbur. But we have assigned Dr. John Roach Straton to the job."

The great editor beat his hands together in a clap of ecstasy.

"Genius! A stroke of genius, my boy!"

He continued to nod and smile for ten seconds, which is a remarkably long time for a busy editor to nod and smile.

"Then everything is taken care of but the Army-Navy game. Have we arranged with Admiral Sims and General Pershing to write it up for us?"

"Both have accepted retaining fees, Colonel. And it is more than likely that we can get Calvin Coolidge to do a column of sidelights on the game for us."

"Fine!" exclaimed the famous editor. "Fine! Then there is nothing to prevent my starting on my vacation at once."

The assistant hesitated for an instant.

"Before you go, Colonel, there are five gentlemen outside waiting to see you."

Col. Phearst whirled about.

"Who are they?"

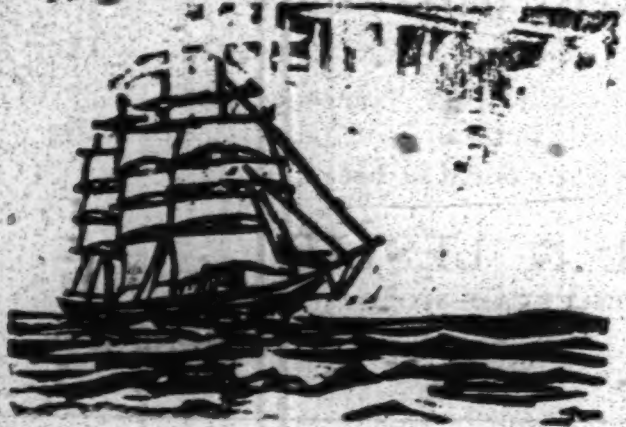
"They say their names are Bruce Barton, Grantland Rice, Robert Edgren, Heywood Broun and Mark Sullivan."

"Well, what do they want?"

"They say they are reporters, Colonel. They say they're hungry."

The great editor looked thoughtful and sympathetic.

"Hungry, eh? H'm. Take 'em down to the city editor; tell him to put 'em on copy desk."



Interviewing Sullivan

FRANK SULLIVAN, special writer on the New York World and a popular substitute for F.P.A. and Heywood Broun when they go on a vacation, has written a book called "The Life and Times of Martha Hepplethwaite", to be published by Boni and Liveright.

The following "interview" (by the author!) gives an outline—or not, as you choose to think:

Frank Sullivan was in his garden playing with his pet fuchsias when our representative called on him to ask him about his new, and first book, "The Life and Times of Martha Hepplethwaite."

"You ask me about my new book," said Mr. Sullivan, with a deprecating laugh, as he fondled a fuchsia. "Oh now, really, I'd much prefer not to talk. Hold! Wait a second! Don't go. I'll talk. My goodness, can't you take a little joke?"

"In the first chapter of the book," said Mr. Sullivan, "I begin at the dawn of human life on this planet, just after the various gases had cooled, and a person could go out of doors without a gas mask."

"I take up the development of the congressman, who is the earliest form of life, as you know. The congressman, of course, was originally unicellular. That is to say, if you took a congressman and cut him into two sections, the two sections immediately became two entirely new congressmen, each with its own central heating system and frock coat."

"My second chapter will be devoted to a resume of the great Lovers of History. This chapter will be suppressed, but I expect to publish it privately later on, and will sell it for twenty dollars, each autographed and with a lot of French pictures thrown in, showing the Champs Elysees, with and without the Champs."

"The third and fourth chapters are going to be very dull, I fear me, so we'll skip them."

"The fifth chapter will for the first time divulge my sovereign remedy for colds, bruises, sprains, aches, that tired feeling, phthisis, acne, vertigo and suicidal mania. It consists of two parts Bacardi rum, one part pineapple juice, the white of an egg and a dash of maraschino, well shaken."

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CARMEL

ONE MUST DRINK

(This week's cover design by Hestwood)

A MAN sat and looked upward
He thought
This room is wondrous
It fills my need
It grants me my heart's desire
I will lift my voice
I will shake the beams of the ceiling with my voice
I will cry
I will shout
He thought again
No
I will not cry
I will not shout
I will not raise my voice
I will pick up my pencil
I will place paper upon the table
I will inscribe my thoughts upon the paper which is upon the table.

And there entered into this place three maidens
They looked upon the room
Inwardly they cried, inflicted by the beauty
And they looked upon the man with a pencil writing upon the paper.
They thought
He alone does great things
He was born to glorify that which is around him.
They gazed enraptured
They placed themselves each in an attitude.
They became thoughtful
They became spiritual

The man sat as before
He stopped writing.
His pencil became still as the waters of a pool.
He thought
If only a magazine
If only a newspaper
If only some publication would accept my verse
I could order another cup of coffee.

ADVENTURES IN EATING IN

JUNIOR.
"Joooo-nior!"
It was Sunday. No school.
"Breakfast."
"Get up Junior—hurry."
No response.
"Biscuits for breakfast."
There was a thud. Another thud—a shoe. Another thud and shoe.
Junior flew downstairs.
Biscuits made a difference, even on Sunday.
Father, mother and sister were eating. The pan held just so many biscuits. Junior knew this and reached for everything at once.
Mother, "You haven't washed yet."
Junior, "Yes, I did."
Mother, "Then comb your hair."

Junior, "It's combed."
Father, roaring, "Do as your mother tells you."
Junior rose and ran. He was back after a moment of running his fingers through his hair. It was almost the same as before. It wasn't his hair that worried mother. It was the principle of the thing.
Junior sacrificed fruit for biscuits.
He sacrificed mush for biscuits.
He sacrificed eggs for biscuit.
Sister watched them leave the plate. There were three apiece. She was half way through her second. Father had eaten his three. Mother had eaten two. There were two left. Sister looked at Junior.
Junior looked at the plate. With uncertainty he reached for his fourth.

"You can't have any more," said sister, "You've had your three."
Junior withdrew his hand.
"I don't want any left over," said mother.
"But one is mine and one is yours,



"Sister cried all the way to Sunday School."

mother," said sister.

"He can have mine," said mother.

Sister lost and Junior ate another. Sister was through and was afraid that Junior would have hers too. "I'll give mine to daddy," she said.

Father was buried completely beneath all the sections of the Sunday paper. He didn't want it. Sister lost again and left the table crying. She cried all the way to Sunday School.

"Hurry," said mother to Junior, "You will be late to Sunday School."

Junior lingered thoughtfully. He had his choice. Wash the dishes or go to Sunday School.

CARMEL Art Gallery

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OF ARTISTS OF THE
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CHANGED EVERY
MONTH

OPEN 11 TO 5
SAN CARLOS AT FOURTH

Schmitz Concert Tomorrow Night

E ROBERT SCHMITZ, the famous French pianist, whose concert at the Golden Bough Theatre was postponed last Friday evening, will appear tomorrow evening instead. He is playing here under the auspices of the Peninsula Philharmonic Society and the Carmel Parent-Teacher Association.

Schmitz ranks with the greatest pianists of the day and his concert here will prove only one more laurel for the Philharmonic Society in its efforts to provide the best in music for the people of the Peninsula.

The program for Friday night is as follows:

Prelude and Fugue in A minor (transcription by Liszt)	Bach
Sonata in B minor op. 58 (Allegro maestoso, scherzo, largo, finale)	Chopin
Prelude in A minor	Debussy
Fireworks	Debussy
La Terrasse des audiences du clair de lune	Debussy
Dance	Debussy
Prelude, Chorale and Fugue	Frank
Evocation	Albeniz
Mephisto Waltz	Liszt

CHAS. PURDY'S FIRST NOVEL ACCEPTED

GROPPING EARTH", the first novel of Charles Morris Purdy, New York critic, who is spending the winter in Carmel with his mother, Mrs. Agnes Lillian Purdy, will be published shortly in England, according to a flattering offer for the publication rights just received by letter, and which the author accepted Monday of this week by cable as requested.

Jarrols of London, in offering handsome royalties for the book, stipulated an option in the contract on Purdy's next two novels.

"Groping Earth" is a story of Maine.

CARMEL HORSE SHOE PITCHERS ORGANIZE TO GIVE BATTLE

The Carmel Horse Shoe Club was organized last week with eighteen charter members and Dr. J. E. Beck, president; D. E. Nixon, vice-president, and D. L. Dawson, secretary.

The club, which has been provided with courts on Ocean avenue between Gould's and Wermuth's, through the generosity of A. K. Miller, is planning to stage tournaments and contests with other communities in this section of the state where there are horse shoe pitching experts.

The Cyn. has rather appointed itself the official organ for the barnyard golf organization and those who are interested in the game will be able to follow the progress of it in these parts through the columns of this paper.



THE CARMEL CYMBAL



VOTE YES on GAS TAX
Proposition No. 4 November 2

Theatre of the Golden Bough

Thursday and Friday

October 28-29

FANNY HURST'S \$50,000 PRIZE STORY

Mannequin

with

Dolores Costello

Note: On account of the postponement of the Robert Schmitz recital to Thursday evening, the Thursday showing of "Mannequin" will take place at 10:30, after the recital. Before the picture there will be a short intermission during which coffee will be served in the foyer. The Friday showing of the picture will be at eight o'clock as usual.

Saturday and Sunday

October 30-31—8 P. M.

The Phantom of the Opera

with

Lon Chaney :: Mary Philbin
Norman Kerry

**Spectacular
Mysterious :: Thrilling**

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Carmel, California

Notes and Comment

should be ashamed of their hesitancy in granting his request. We believe that Alfred Parker Fraser is incompetent in his position as street superintendent and is generally an impractical man for any official position. We consider the action of the former board of trustees in appointing him to the positions he holds a direct slap at the people who voted down a city manager plan when it was known that Fraser was slated for the job. We believe that many of the opposing votes were cast because this was known.

We believe that these things have to do with the perpetuation of that "peaceful and indifferent" Carmel. They have nothing to do with the private lives of the officials mentioned or referred to, and with those private lives—unless they move over into the realm of public concern and annoyance—The Cymbal has nothing to do in the manner of news or comment.

* * *

BEFORE someone is killed in their efforts to get out of Carmel Woods by means of the tortuous and twisting Junipero road, or their machine is smashed in the blinding endeavors to find an outlet by way of Monte Verde, The Cymbal is this week making an attempt to have the misleading sign of the Del Monte Properties company on the new highway (Turn to Page Fifteen)

SAN FRANCISCO SYMPHONY
PROGRAM COMES OVER RADIO

Radio owners of Carmel, Carmel Highlands and Pebble Beach took advantage of the broadcast of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra program last Sunday afternoon which came from stations KPO in San Francisco, KGO in Oakland and KFI in Los Angeles simultaneously.

The broadcast of the program through the season has been made possible by the raising of funds part of which were provided by radio users and a large amount by the Standard Oil Company.

The broadcast of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra is considered one of the great radio achievements in the West.

STANFORD STARTS REMARKABLE
SERIES OF MUSICAL EVENTS

The most ambitious series of concerts ever attempted by any organization in the state is that which begins tomorrow night at Stanford University when Louis Gravenure will appear under the auspices of the Associated Students of the college.

Other famous musical stars will give concerts in this series, and the dates are as follows:

November 16, Mischa Elman String Quartet; December 8, San Francisco Symphony, Alfred Hertz, Conductor; March 3, Rosa Ponselle; March 31, Tito Schipa.

Season tickets at \$4 may be obtained by mail from the concert manager, Box 1151, Stanford University, Palo Alto.

TRAIN SCHEDULES

Leaving Monterey

6:29 a.m.—For San Francisco. (Connects at Del Monte Junction with pullman car train from the South.)
9:05 a.m.—Del Monte Express for San Francisco.
10:10 a.m.—For Los Angeles. (Change at Del Monte Junction.)
3:15 p.m.—For San Francisco.
6:50 p.m.—For San Francisco and Los Angeles.
Arriving at Monterey
7:55 a.m.—From San Francisco and Los Angeles.
11:45 a.m.—From San Francisco.
6:25 p.m.—Del Monte Express from San Francisco.
8:18 p.m.—From Los Angeles.
9:45 p.m.—From San Francisco.

CARMEL BUSES

Leave Carmel. (Stage depot at San Carlos and Ocean Avenue.) 8 a.m., 9:20 a.m., 11 a.m., 2:30 p.m., 5 p.m.
Leave Monterey 8:20 a.m., 12 m., 3:30 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

STATE BUSES

Leave Monterey

For San Francisco—8 a.m., 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 4:30 p.m. (via Santa Cruz.) For Santa Cruz only—7:15 p.m.
For Salinas—(Connecting with busses to points north and south.) 8 a.m., 9:55 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 4 p.m. (Sundays—9 a.m., 1 p.m., 5 p.m.)

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—Waffles a Specialty

MAKE ALL ROADS GOOD ROADS IN CALIFORNIA

A Good Road Sign



VOTE YES on GAS TAX
Proposition No. 4 on November 2

Let's Finish the Job Now—Complete the California Highway System.

Just one cent added to the present gasoline tax (A tax no one feels!) will do the job and do it right in 12 years.

DO YOUR BIT

At present there is not a dollar for NEW Road construction in the State Treasury.

At present there is NO WAY of getting any money for new road construction. AND THE HIGHWAY SYSTEM IS ONLY ABOUT ONE-THIRD COMPLETED.

The simplest, most economical and least bothersome as well as burdensome way of getting money for new highway construction is by means of the proposed ONE-CENT gasoline tax.

This is Proposition Number 4 on the November Ballot

If adopted by the people it will bring in about \$10,000,000 a year, all for new roads.

GOOD ROADS PAY FOR THEMSELVES THROUGH INCREASED VALUATION OF LAND; THROUGH SAVING OF AUTOMOBILE TIRES AND THE WEAR AND TEAR ON CARS; THROUGH THE USE OF LESS GASOLINE, AND IN COUNTLESS OTHER WAYS.

Everybody that uses the roads helps to pay for them—EVEN THE VISITING TOURIST TO THIS STATE. In fact the gasoline tax is the ONLY WAY whereby the visitor to California—and there are hundreds of thousands of them each year—can be made to do HIS BIT toward GOOD ROADS IN CALIFORNIA.

Good highways are California's GREATEST ASSET because they open up all the other natural resources, and build up the value of the State's scenic wonders. Every dollar spent on good roads is an investment that brings big returns every year.

DON'T FORGET THE NUMBER ON THE BALLOT—4. The gasoline tax measure is FOURTH on the ballot. Look for it and VOTE for it on November 2.

All-California Highways Committee

NORTHERN DIVISION

HON. JAMES D. PHELAN, Chairman

EDWARD H. BROWN, Campaign Director—Wells Fargo Bldg., San Francisco

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Written by Daisy Bostick and Dorothea Castelhun. Illustrated with photographs and sketches by Carmel artists.

A PLEASING SOUVENIR
FULL OF INFORMATION

Notes and Comment

(Continued from Page Five)

removed or rendered impotent by another and truthful one erected by the state automobile association. We have taken a picture of the sign which reads "Direct Road to Carmel" and turns the unsuspecting motorist directly off the direct road to a dirt street that is about the most indirect course anyone could follow with deliberation. Our picture shows the highway in the back ground and the dirt road leading off to the right into the Carmel Woods residence tract of the Del Monte Properties company. We are sending it to the automobile association with an explanation of our attitude in the matter and as good a description as possible to give of the state of mind in which an automobile driver finds himself when he reaches Mission and Alta streets up there in the woods and hasn't the slightest idea where to turn to get out. We are explaining the present condition of Junipero, the winding, cliff-flanked road that brings one down to San Carlos and is imperilling to life and limb in the broadest light of day while it is a menace of the first degree at night. The only other route down into town is by way of Monte Verde and to find that street one merely shuts one's eyes and lets go of the steering wheel. You may make it and you may not, but the chances are about sixteen to one that by the time you get there your nerves are shattered and your automobile almost is. One can only imagine what must be the reaction of the stranger who has been misled by the Del Monte Properties sign that has turned him off a smooth highway into this maze.

Therefore, because we are convinced that that misleading sign is more than an annoyance; that it is, in fact, a menace, The Cymbal is endeavoring to have it removed, or its power shorn by another that will not delude the unwary traveler. The state automobile association is, we understand, organized for the purpose of expediting automobile travel in California, correctly guiding the motorist on his way, and, in general, making automobile travel as comfortable as possible. It is certainly, then, well within the functions of the association to eliminate the trouble, annoyance and danger resulting from this sign which deliberately turns the motorist off the right road and on to the wrong one. And if the flesh is as strong as the spirit in those who have voluntarily expressed to us lately their support of our efforts in this thing, they can aid in the desired result by writing to the California Automobile association and giving their views.



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STYLES! The latest models in jersey are particularly attractive. Tailored gowns and sport costumes in great variety of material, from serge to velvet.



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**CARMEL
GARAGE**

TELEPHONE 112



OUR EXPERT MACHINISTS
OVERHAUL AND REPAIR
ALL MAKES OF CARS

'MANNEQUIN' AT GOLDEN BOUGH

MANNEQUIN", Fannie Hurst's story of New York in 1907 and 1926, which won the Liberty Magazine's \$50,000 prize for the best story to be produced as a Paramount movie will be seen at the Theatre of the Golden Bough tomorrow and Friday nights.

The picture was directed by James Cruze who made "The Covered Wagon", "Beggar on Horseback", "Merton of the Movies". Dolores Costello, who reached stardom in "The Sea Beast", is the "mannequin" in a fashionable clothing store. The picture is the story of her rise, through her own efforts, to something finer.

Saturday and Sunday nights "The Phantom of the Opera", the most weirdly spectacular and unique of melodramas, will be the offering at the Golden Bough. Magnificent sets, action calculated to stir the blood of the most frigid, Lon Chaney in his most diabolical form—"The Phantom of the Opera" promises much excitement and guarantees that you will not have a moment's boredom.

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ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS YOURSELF

1. Are you getting 30 MILES PER GALLON of gas?
2. Are you getting 2000 MILES PER GALLON of oil?
3. Is your present automobile equipped with 4 WHEEL BRAKES?
4. Can you accelerate from 5 TO 30 MILES PER HOUR IN 13 SECONDS?
5. Can you stop in 51 feet going 40 miles per hour?
6. Can you "step on it" to 35 per hour in second gear?

TOURING	:: ::	COUPE	:: ::	SEDAN
\$832		\$884		\$894

FULLY EQUIPPED IN CARMEL

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